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If I could just break one more night, maybe I could wake up and feel alright

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

“Woah you alright?” He said and retracted his hand. George didn’t respond, he simply reached behind him and grasped Clay’s hand. He could feel the burning feeling behind his eyes. He hadn’t cried in so long, why was now the time to break the streak. He squeezed the others hand but kept his eyes fixated on the OBS window he had open. He could hear Clay call out to him but it was muffled, like someone had put up a wall between them. Slowly, he turned his head just enough to see the taller’s legs out of the corner of his eye. His voice was weak when he finally opened his mouth, the muscles in his throat refusing to cooperate.

“Can... Can I get a hug?”

*_*_*_*_*_*

I am kind of rusty when it comes to writing and this is the first piece i finished in like forever so I hope it's acceptable. I really just needed some touch starved comforting.

Notes

If you know the song, I love you

He was running around in his room with only one arm in his t-shirt and the other trying to not poke his eye out with a toothbrush. It was only a few hours until he was supposed to be sitting on a plane 38,000 feet in the air with all his prized possessions ready to start a new life. He felt like the Europeans in the early 20th century, fleeing the boring and suffocating life that Europe had to offer and moved to the americas. Unlike his great grandad's generation, he had thought about it for far longer. It had technically been on his mind since late 2016 but it had grown larger as the time moved on and his rise to fame arrived. He had been to the states a fair share of times but they were all vacations and they had returned a couple of weeks later. The difference now was, he didn't have a return ticket.

With a last glance at his phone's clock he zipped his backpack closed and treaded out of his bedroom door. He stopped in the kitchen and played with Persephone before his mum told him that she was ready to drive. A somewhat dull conversation took place in the car, George not being that talkative when his guts felt like throwing themselves out of the moving vehicle. His mum continued to give him general life advice when they pulled up outside of Heathrow, even as they looked for a place to park she continued to tell him about how many spare keys he should own. Seriously?

They navigated through the bustling airport with somewhat difficulty, the building being packed with people at this date and time. Being a couple of hours early had its perks and they had an early lunch at one of the restaurants. His dad had called him while on lunch break and bid him farewell over the phone even if it was short and formal. It was okay though, showing emotions wasn't his strong suit either.

"And you better call me when you land George," His mother had said to him before he disappeared to TSA. He would call her, eventually. She had been sceptical about this whole moving ordeal ever since he mentioned it two years back. Apparently moving in with someone across the Atlantic who you only met once didn't suit her taste of life plans. To be fair, she had seen him before so she knew he was real. Her first reaction when he announced that he was actually going through with it had been lackluster at least. No yelling and no protesting, just a simple question. Are you sure?

It had been nagging at him for some time now. At the time he had answered confidently, saying that he was definitely sure and he was going to do this no matter what. He had started to doubt that recently.

He knew that him and Dream got along perfectly, they had many hours on call to prove that. And the day they spent together in Brighton had been perfect, awkward but perfect. So it would probably be easy to live together. Both men could easily create a routine that worked with their messed up sleeping schedules. They had talked about and went over this many times before. He had nothing to worry about. The speakers cracked and a female voice told him that it was time to board

and he grabbed his backpack.

The seat he had been assigned was a window seat (thank you Dream). He studied the tarmac while the other passengers tried to get seated around him. A girl in her teens and what he assumed was her dad took their places next to him and said their greetings. He exchanged some words with the man before takeoff but was quick to put on some music when the engines started to roar. He let the voice of Travis Scott fill his ears and closed his eyes.

He woke up a few hours later to the smell of lukewarm airplane food. His joints ached from sitting in the same position for too long. He figured that he could run to the bathroom before the food trolleys would reach him, his legs thanked him when he finally stretched them. Five minutes later and he returned to his seat. The man was nowhere in sight, his daughter seemed to guard their bags. He excused himself and shuffled into his seat.

Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the girl sneaking glances at him, he tried to ignore it by fidgeting with his phone but he became more uncomfortable by the minute. The girl returned her gaze forward and opened a magazine from the pocket in front of her. George thought he was safe.

“So what’s Mr GeorgeNotFound doing on a plane to Orlando?”

Shit.

You know it takes a lot to move me

After that extremely stress inducing incident on the plane, George was happy to finally set foot on the bridge that connected to the building. He had made the girl swear to not tell anyone and she had agreed, explaining that she had only wanted to joke with him a little.

He was quick to unlock his phone and send a message to his friend telling him that he had landed and was on his way. He got a smiley in return. The corridor opened up into a larger area with rows of carousels, some in use and some completely still. After a look at the big screen to his left he headed to carousel 4 and waited. His blue suitcase soon arrived and he hurried to take it off the moving track.

The soft light from the sunset outside of the airport started to sneak in and painted everything in an orange hue as he walked past rows of pocket stores. His eyes were searching for someone tall with blonde hair amongst the crowd of people that were spilling in and out of the revolving doors. He

heard a shout coming from his right and slowly let himself focus on the man currently pushing himself through a sea of bodies. A sheepish grin on his face from being an inconvenience. As soon as George met his gaze the smile turned into a bright one and his eyes lit up.

“George!” Clay shouted once again and took the final leap towards the brit. He suddenly felt himself surrounded by strong arms and he swear he felt himself being lifted a few inches off of the ground. Slowly he let his own arms snake around the waist of the younger, letting himself enjoy the moment.

Clay slowly put distance between them but his hands still remained on George’s shoulders. The rays of orange light bounced off of the man before him and painted him in a halo of sunshine. For a moment George could swear that he felt his heart skip a beat. God damn I love this man. A smile finally found its place on his face as Clay once again spoke.

“Welcome home”

So if you figure it out, tell me

The first week or so had flown by. Their days had been spent moving furniture into their new house and getting things organized. Clay had offered to share the office or have his setup in his own room but George had preferred having his PC in his room so not much changed in terms of work space. They had watched with big eyes as Patches inspected her new home too, sniffing everything in the living room before jumping up on the window sill and falling asleep. It had been hectic to say the least.

So when George finally shut his door after saying goodnight to Clay, the world came to a halt. For a moment, he basked in the silence, his ears enjoying the peace. But as he took his seat in front of the dark screen, he found nothing to do. Or he had lots to do, unfinished plugins, emails that needed responses, that goddamn vlog. None of those things seemed to be able to grasp his attention though. He sighed and started up his computer either way, going straight to discord to call Clay. Why was he calling Clay?

Well, because that’s what he used to do, right? He was always on a call with someone, more often than not, his best friend. They would not even talk, just sit there together in comfortable silence as they worked on their separate projects. It was their way of spending time together.

Now... Now he had no one to call. He could call anyone in the world, but not Clay. The man was literally two walls away but George had never felt so isolated from his friend. His gaze traveled to the white door behind him, the shiny doorknob mocking him with its shiny surface.

Just go down the fucking corridor and talk to him!

No!

Why? Nothing is stopping you.

I already said goodnight though...

Absolutely useless.

The thought from a week prior made its way into his head again. "God damn I love this man". It had bothered him the entire week. He supposed that he did love Clay, platonically of course. It had to be. George wasn't gay, he knew that. But it wasn't like the idea had never crossed his mind. The idea of loving Clay like more than just his best friend. He had toyed with it and then thrown it back into the box it came from, it seemed like someone had found the key again though.

He ends up watching the raw footage of the vlog that had been sitting on his harddrive collecting imaginable dust. Sometimes he catches glimpses of Clay in the corner of the screen, he had been careful at the time to now film the american which he regretted now. He caught himself pausing at the few clips where Clay's whole face was visible. He was standing in front of a statue in some random park talking to Wilbur, facemask pulled down to his chin. Such a bad influence. But George could excuse his poor covid-preventing-measures because that smile filled him with warmth. Maybe it was the soft arch in his eyebrows, or the way his eyes crinkled at the edges, or maybe the strong line of his jaw. He found himself putting a finger on Clay's nose and whispering "Boop" while a soft smile tugged on his lips.

Okay so maybe he wasn't straight.

I trace figures on your smile lines

Three weeks go by and he starts to wilt. He streams more and more, making up for the time where he used to call Clay. Sometimes said man calls him during streams, pretending like they still had an ocean between them. He supposed that's why he does it. To feel like things were back to what they used to be. It's not that he's unhappy living with Clay. They have fun together, it's just that he misses the comfort that came with those long night calls.

Him and Clay go out a lot, often to the beach. They would play around in the water to cool down on days where the Florida heat got too much for George. One time Clay had tackled him so that he became submerged in the waves, while he was trying to get the water out from his ears he had struck again. This time hugging George from behind and proceeded to spin him around like a kid. At the moment he remembered feeling pissed because he got salty water in his eyes again but in hindsight, that short moment of physical affection had started a whirlwind of emotions inside of him.

It wasn't that he actively denied physical affection, he just never really got it. His mum had of course always hugged him well up in his adult years but other than that and his short lasting girlfriend he never really got much pampering. Clay had sneaked a few hugs here and there but they had soon become unbearable, burning his skin and clawing at his chest. He had begun to reject him now everytime the other opened his arms. It seemed like Clay had just accepted it with a small frown and a sigh.

Work a formula to cure me?

It was a tuesday night, he had just ended the stream. He said his final goodbye to Sapnap before disconnecting from the call. A soft knock could be heard behind him and he hummed, letting the other know that it was safe to come in. A tall glass of cola was placed next to him and Clay leaned down to look at his screen. George could feel the warmth radiating off of him and he had to remind himself not to lean to his right.

"Did I miss Sapnap?" The disappointment in his voice evident.

"Yeah he just left," George really needed Clay to move because it was getting considerably harder to breathe by the second. He started to slowly lean to the left, trying to avoid the human heat pack next to him. Finally Clay stood up straight again and George let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding. The feeling was short lived though because as Clay turned to leave he pulled down George's headset.

"Damn, I was gonna tell him how ugly he is," He said in a joking manner and let his hand mess up George's hair.

He froze on the spot, body tensing up so fast that it was in no way possible for Clay not to notice.

"Woah you alright?" He said and retracted his hand. George didn't respond, he simply reached behind him and grasped Clay's hand. He could feel the burning feeling behind his eyes. He hadn't cried in so long, why was now the time to break the streak. He squeezed the others hand but kept

his eyes fixated on the OBS window he had open. He could hear Clay call out to him but it was muffled, like someone had put up a wall between them. Slowly, he turned his head just enough to see the taller's legs out of the corner of his eye. His voice was weak when he finally opened his mouth, the muscles in his throat refusing to cooperate.

"Can... Can I get a hug?"

And I'm lonely

Clay was quick to spin the chair around and pull George up and into a hug. One of his hands travelling to the base of George's neck, the other one snaking its way behind his back. He could feel the warmth slowly seep through the fabric of his shirt and warm him from the outside, the clawing returned and it felt like something was pulling at his heart. It hurt.

"Of course you can get a hug George, you don't even have to ask." He began to rub small circles with his thumbs and he hooked his chin over the smaller shoulder.

George was burning now, he was silently combusting in the arms of a man he had secretly come to love. With a final squeeze from Clay he broke. The sobs shook his body as he caved in on himself, the other struggling to hold him up until he gave in and lowered both of them to the floor.

"Hey George, hey. Why are you crying? Did I do something?" Clay tried to pull away to get a good look at the man before him but George just grabbed the other's shirt and buried his face in it. He needed to drain every last drop of built up emotions he had kept stored in his heart. Years and years of being touch-starved and he had not noticed the cracks that had begun to form in the secure walls of his dam. He had realised that he had been scared. Scared of the caring touch of another human being, for what reason he didn't know.

As he felt Clay shift to sit leaning against the wall, pulling George with him, all he wanted to do was to stay there. He felt safe, warm and comfortable surrounded by strong tan arms and with small kisses being pressed to his hair. He wanted to stay, so he did.

He didn't know how much time passed but his screen had shut itself off and his legs had fallen asleep in his compromised position in Clay's lap. The younger had resorted to running his hand up and down George's arm while humming on a soft melody. His sobs were still present but had subsided to small shivers every now and again. His cheeks slowly dried where he had laid himself tucked under the other's chin. His confession came out of nowhere.

“I’m bi”

His face remained solemn as he said it. Clay’s hands came to a momentary halt before they moved up and started playing with George’s hair instead. A “Mhm” left the others lips, it seemed like he knew that the other was not finished yet.

“And” He drew a deep breath, “I think I love you”

There I said it

“You think or you know?” A question bounced back at him.

“I know”.

Clay grabbed him by the shoulders and slowly turned him so he was sitting straddling him, it was an awkward position but at least he got a good look at the man in front of him. He brought one hand up to cradle George’s cheek and he smiled that stupid yet endearing smile. Slowly he brought their face together, letting their foreheads rest against each other and George looked into dijon coloured eyes.

“I know, for a fact, that I love you too” He let himself close his eyes and felt soft lips press against his own damp ones. It was perfect and he didn’t think he could cry more after tonight but a few tears let themselves run down his cheeks once again. And suddenly he found himself laughing, small giggles making their way out of his mouth and making it hard to keep on kissing. Clay seemed taken aback and backed away only to raise an eyebrow at the giggling man in his lap.

“What’s so funny?” He brought his hand up to try and stifle his laughs but it somehow only made it worse. Eventually he calmed down and leaned forward to give Clay a quick peck on the lips. Then another one, and another one, and another one. He continued until Clay eventually began giggling too and had to physically pull George away. He sighed and sat back down.

“I think I’m too tired,” He leaned forward and buried his face in the crook of Clay’s neck and snaked his arms around the other shoulders. Clay took that as his cue to stand up, George wrapping his legs around the others waist. He walked over to George’s bed at the other side of the room, ready to lower his personal koala onto it. But George only clung on harder and shook his head.

“I want to cuddle...” Clay understood and started his journey down the hallways to his own room, he supposed that it would be their room soon.

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